

The Snare of Earthly Treasure

By WILLIS EMERY

YEARS ago the Rev. Samuel Butterfield became involved against his wish in a tangled litigation over an estate. His just share may have been about \$2,000, but his chance of getting it was extremely slender. Very wisely, he dismissed the matter from his mind after intrusting his case to the law firm of which my father was the head and I the latest addition, fresh from the school.

We saw Mr. Butterfield not oftener than twice a year thereafter during the tedious progress of the suit. He would come down to Boston and lunch with my father and me, and occasionally he would bring his daughter with him. They were ideal companions, the unworldly and serene old man and the bright eyed, eager girl, each inspired with the tenderest devotion and illumined by a wondrous understanding of the other's heart. They were both children when they were in the city, and they would go back to the little town of Denby, in the obscurest corner of the state, congratulating each other upon the fine time that they had had. Meanwhile Mr. Butterfield would have agreed to everything which we suggested and would have signed all documents presented to him by us without the trouble of reading them. He never asked us to hurry the case; we never asked him for any money.

At last the suit was settled very advantageously for our client, but, to our great regret, he could not come to Boston to enjoy the little celebration which we had planned. He wrote, by his daughter's hand, that the inclemency of the winter had drawn heavily upon his strength and that he feared to tempt the rigors of March away from his old, familiar shelter.

It appeared that Mr. Butterfield, who had never before been more than a few hundred dollars ahead of the world, regarded his new fortune timidly and would value our advice in regard to its investment. He had come to an age where earthly treasure could no longer allure the fancy, yet for his daughter's sake he would wish to be a prudent steward of his possessions.

My father laid down the letter and looked at me thoughtfully. "I have a vague impression," said he, "that Miss Butterfield will never be dependent upon this money. Her father has put it into the Denby bank, which happens to be a very sound institution. I would advise him to leave it there for the present and not to worry. Suppose you write a letter to that effect."

I did so and received two replies, the first from Mr. Butterfield, accepting



HE WOULD BRING HIS DAUGHTER WITH HIM.

our advice, the second from his daughter, taking the other side of the question. The effect was somewhat odd, as the two letters were in the same hand and came by the same mail. One was for the firm; the other was addressed to my father, but as the Butterfield case had been in my charge the letters were pinned together and "respectfully referred" to me.

Writing from her father's dictation, Miss Butterfield penned these words: "For the first time in a long life I feel relief from the pressure of pecuniary cares."

Writing over her own signature, she expressed this opinion: "My father seems very much worried, and I am sure that he exhausts himself discussing stocks and investments with Mr. Kerwin, the banker. He is at our house almost every evening and sometimes stays quite late."

The implication was that the relief which Mr. Butterfield supposed he felt was merely a delusion and that he really was more disturbed in mind by his recent acquisition than he had ever been by narrow circumstances.

After considerable thought upon this matter I decided to go to Denby for a

quiet, soothing talk with Mr. Butterfield and to give Banker Kerwin a bit of advice.

On the following Saturday afternoon when I stepped down from the train at Denby the clergyman and his daughter were waiting for me on the platform. Mr. Butterfield wore no overcoat, but there was a very broad woolen scarf around his neck, the fringed ends falling almost to his knees. A black soft hat of ancient design, more picturesque than the style of today, was upon his head, and woolen mittens were upon his hands. He removed one of those mittens as I approached, and I observed that the hand which he extended toward me was as white as marble. Thus I knew that he had aged greatly since I had last seen him.

Lucy told me at our first opportunity for a word in private that her father sat up much later than had been his habit even upon those evenings when Mr. Kerwin was not calling and that he was devoting himself anew to the study of ponderous books; doubtless as a means of diverting his attention from worldly affairs.

After ten Mr. Butterfield and I retired to his study, where we lighted two long stemmed clay pipes, and just as I was about to open the subject of finance Lucy came in and announced the arrival of Mr. Kerwin.

The banker was a hard featured, sturdy man of fifty-five, with a mouth that was a perfectly straight line and eyes capable of extraordinary concentration, so that his glance was not for one's face in general, but for a particular part of it—the tip of the nose or a line in one's forehead. I found this peculiarity of Mr. Kerwin's somewhat disquieting, yet he seemed, upon the whole, to be a more amiable man than his aspect would indicate.

"As to this money, this new fortune of mine," said the clergyman after the banker had made my acquaintance and had helped himself to tobacco, "my friend has come to talk with me in response to a letter which I wrote before you had been so good as to advise me in regard to an investment."

So the money was already invested. It was the first that I had heard of that fact.

I thought it probable that this rural banker of nearly twice my years would resent my intrusion into the affair, but I misjudged him. In the blindest manner and with no further hint from Mr. Butterfield he proceeded to lay the whole matter before me briefly, but with exemplary clearness. I listened with increasing amazement. The investment was of a speculative character in the sense that it promised extraordinary returns, yet it was so shrewdly considered and so wisely based upon important private information that I could find no basis for criticism. It was an opportunity such as one may not have in a lifetime, and there was a practical certainty that Mr. Butterfield would quadruple his money within a few years. Nothing could be more natural than that so remarkable a piece of good fortune should have excited this placid old man, to whom his daughter's future had so long been the great unsolved puzzle.

Yet, singularly enough, while Mr. Kerwin was disclosing these facts to me the clergyman's attention wandered. I observed that he surreptitiously read from a large book which he held open on his knee and that he was only mildly interested in my approval of the investment.

"I am satisfied, quite satisfied," he said. "My friend Kerwin has kindly taken this whole matter off my mind. I trust his judgment implicitly. Surely," he added after a momentary pause, "I have been very fortunate of late. This money has been greatly blessed to me. It has procured me the acquaintance—I may even venture to say the friendship—of a man whom I have long misjudged." And he beamed upon the iron faced Kerwin. "Doctrinal differences," he continued, "have held us apart for some years."

"Doctrinal differences," repeated Kerwin, with a rigid grin. "That's a good phrase."

"By the way," said the clergyman, velling a nervous impatience, "upon that point which we were discussing the other evening I find here the following statement."

He read from the big book a paragraph heavy with scientific terms. Kerwin's eyes glistened, and he spoke the instant that the reader paused. He had not uttered three sentences before I perceived that the man was a dogmatic materialist and that he was hammering at the foundations of the other's belief.

Kerwin was one of those men who have read a great mass of high grade scientific literature late in life, but have never had a groundwork of scientific training. They know what the scientists say, but not what they mean. It is nearly impossible for any man who has not received systematic instruction in the actual labor of investigation to understand the real essence of the simplest scientific statement, such as "salt consists of sodium and chlorine." The greatest chemist in the world might say that, but he would mean only that no one whom he knew of had ever found anything else in salt. The true scientist takes his reader's lack of dogmatism for granted, and that is why he is so rarely understood.

Mr. Butterfield seemed bewildered by the skeptic's array of facts and to be vainly seeking for some higher scientific authority which would controvert his enemy. Such a struggle is futile and tends more strongly than anything else to throw the mind into a condition of miserable and hopeless doubt. With inexpressible pain I beheld the beginning of the ruin of this good old man's faith and peace, and, by 11 o'clock of

that evening I was upon the point of throwing Kerwin out of the window.

After the banker had gone Mr. Butterfield tried to continue the discussion with me; but, finding that I agreed with him too well, he desisted. He seemed to be upon that dangerous borderland where old time faith wanders in search of causeless combats, as the knights errant did in days of chivalry.

When I saw Miss Butterfield next morning I dared not tell her the truth. I am afraid that, like most good daughters, she valued her father's peace of mind much above any abstract truth and that she would far rather have seen him live in error happily than grow in knowledge by a process of distressing doubt. So, even if Kerwin had been altogether in the right, she would have feared him little less. What, then, would have been her sentiments toward him coming as the apostle of the drearlest falsehood which ever entered the world?

I learned that Kerwin had been a regular member of Mr. Butterfield's church for thirty years and that his skepticism was one of those open secrets which are to be found in every



THE REV. MR. BUTTERFIELD WAS ANSWERING KERWIN.

New England town. The man was valued for his honesty, which had become a superstition in that region. His "creed" was generally regarded as a mere superficial oddity, a harmless affectation resulting from reading too many big books. Yet the man had poisoned more than one mind in that town, though the victims themselves were in most cases unaware of it.

However, let me speak of Kerwin as well as I can. I owe him much. It was as his secret adversary that I betook myself a second time to Denby. It was the decision to tell Lucy the whole truth about the matter which first brought us into real harmony. So I must bless this wrong headed rascal even while I condemn him.

As Easter approached, the condition of Mr. Butterfield's mind seemed to grow worse. He formed the habit of taking long walks in the evening and of rising at an unreasonable hour in the morning. Lucy wrote me that he would certainly break down, and upon the Friday before Easter I received a very urgent letter from her begging me to be with them on Sunday.

I could not get away in time for Saturday afternoon's train, and I telegraphed Lucy that it would be impossible for me to come. At the last moment, however, I decided to risk the roads in my automobile, and as a result I left the car in a farmer's barn twenty miles from Denby and reached that place in the farmer's wagon about 11 o'clock Sunday forenoon.

The sermon had begun in Mr. Butterfield's church when I crept in and took the most inconspicuous seat. No one noticed me. My first glance revealed to me that the congregation was exceptionally intent upon the discourse. There was a thrill in the air that alarmed me at first, and then I perceived the flavor of keen enjoyment.

That reverent assemblage was worshipping with fervor, and at the same time it was tasting an exquisite pleasure. Nothing else so delights a New England gathering as a discourse which has a message that is not in the words, yet is clear to all; something which is perceived, but not heard; understood without statement, appealing to the long cherished secret opinions of the hearers, fulfilling a task which each has striven with on his own account.

The Rev. Mr. Butterfield was answering Kerwin with infinite delicacy, without the faintest personal reference or recognizable quotation, yet all present understood. They knew also in what way the two men who for years had held aloof had at last been brought together. It looked like fate. Otherwise Mr. Butterfield might soon have passed to his reward and never have done this work which was his to do in that community. He had needed personal experience of Kerwin's method of attack, the personal pain of finding no answer, the joy of final perception that all those arguments are really beside the issue and that realities of spiritual things cannot be attacked by testimony of those who have not seen them because they have studiously looked the other way.

It was the absolute end of Kerwin's reputation as a "spiritual adviser" in that town, and everybody felt it to be so. But the strangest part of it was that Kerwin took the thrust so well. He positively enjoyed it.

"The venerable villain!" said he, meeting me after the service. "He has undermined my faith. And at my age

too! It's a rascally piece of business."

Doubtless he felt his defeat keenly enough, though he made a jest of it in such terms. Indeed, to those who knew the man it was a measure of his chagrin that he should labor so conscientiously thereafter to safeguard and increase Mr. Butterfield's small fortune. It became a passion with him, and his success was the wonder of all Denby.

IMMORTALITY.

One Theory of the Condition That Comes After Death.

Our life does not begin with birth, nor does it conclude with death. It is only a section of the development of mankind before and after us. We existed before we were born, and we reap what the factors of our being have sown. So our life leaves its after effects, and they will be what we have made them.

The truth is that while there is no immortality in the sense in which most religions hold it if we accept their doctrines in their literal meaning, conditions in life are such in many respects, as if these doctrines were true. For, while our bodily existence is wiped out with all its physiological functions, the essential part of our own being (the thoughts themselves) remain, and thus our immortality—not as a concrete individual and bodily incarnation, but our soul, our character, the impulses which we have given in life to others, our aspirations and most characteristic features—cannot be wiped out.

A man who keeps this thought in his mind, either intuitively by realizing the power and justice of the religious instinct or by having fathomed the problem philosophically in its very depths, will not live for the present moment, but in consideration of the after effects which his life leaves on the world. And I would say that one of the best tests for right action in a critical situation is for a man to ask himself, "If I had passed away from this life what would I wish that I had done in this emergency? I am confident that the answer given to this question would help us in the most difficult circumstances to find the right solution."—Dr. Paul Carus, Author of "The Soul of Man," "Chinese Philosophy," etc., in Monist.

Snails and Odors.

A professor in the University of Geneva says that snails perceive the odor of many substances, but only when not far away. In order to prove this it is necessary merely to dip a glass rod in a strongly smelling substance and bring it near the large tentacles of a snail in motion. If it is put close to these horns the tentacles are violently drawn back. As the animal perceives the odor it changes its course. Snails also smell by means of their skin. Contact is not necessary, for the mere vicinity of a perfume causes an indentation of the skin.

Chickens in the Rain.

On a rainy morning a good deal of wisdom may be learned from the chickens. If it is to be a soggy, rainy, drizzly day all day, the chickens will get out and stand about in the rain with an utterly indifferent manner. They look just as human beings feel, and they keep it up all day. But if the rain is to continue but a few hours the chickens will stay under shelter. They cannot be kept out. They hurry under cover when disturbed and stay there till the fair weather comes, which it does presently. And then they go out and enjoy the sunshine. The chickens know.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Pains, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.75. Circular sent on request.

For Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

RELIEVES IN 24 Hours ALL URINARY DISCHARGES. Each Capsule bears MIDY. For sale by all druggists.

THE UNION GAS ENGINE COMPANY

Marine and Stationary Gas and Gasoline Engines.

WE ARE NOW FILLING ORDERS FOR OUR NEW WORKS. WRITE US FOR PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

F. P. Kendall, General Sales Agent, 62-66 Front St., Portland, Ore.

The GEM

C. F. WISE, Prop.

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars Merchants Lunch From 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. Hot Lunch at all Hours 25 Cents

Corner Eleventh and Commercial

Your Field

IS OUR FIELD, AND WE COVER IT.

Our field is the district tributary to the mouth of the Columbia River. We penetrate into all the outlying districts, into lumber camps and isolated neighborhoods. The business of these places belongs to you, and it is worth going after. Space in THE MORNING ASTORIAN is reasonable; contract for some and let these outsiders know that you are still in business at the old stand. You may have a "grouch" but that won't get business; forget it. Let the people know what you have to sell; they may "forget" or have "forgotten"

The MORNING ASTORIAN

THE ONLY PAPER ON THE LOWER COLUMBIA HAVING ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE

AWFUL PSORIASIS 35 YEARS

Terrible Scaly Humor in Patches All Over the Body—Skin Cracked and Bleeding—Itching Unbearable—Cured by Cuticura in Thirty Days at Cost of \$4.75.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA

"I was afflicted with psoriasis for thirty-five years. It was in patches all over my body. I used three cakes of Cuticura Ointment, and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent. I bathed with the Soap, applied the Ointment once a day, and took the Resolvent as directed. In thirty days I was completely cured, and I think permanently, as it was about five years ago."

"The psoriasis first made its appearance in red spots, generally forming a circle, leaving in the center a spot about the size of a silver dollar of sound flesh. In a short time the affected circle would form a heavy dry scale of a white silvery appearance and would gradually drop off. To remove the entire scales by bathing or using oil to soften them the flesh would be perfectly raw, and a light discharge of bloody substance would ooze out. That scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on my arms and limbs, although it was in spots all over my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too long without removing by bath or otherwise, the skin would crack and bleed. I suffered intense itching, worse at nights after getting warm in bed, or blood warm by exercise, when it would be almost unbearable."

"To sum it all up, I would not go through such another ordeal of affliction for thirty-five years for the State of Kansas. (signed) W. M. Chidester, Hutchinson, Kan., April 20, 1905."

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, are sold throughout the world. Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Dept. 447, Mailed Free, "How to Cure Torturing Humors."

Unprecedented Success of DR. G. GEE WO

THE GREAT CHINESE DOCTOR

Who is known throughout the United States on account of his wonderful cures. No poisons nor drugs used. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung and throat trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, and kidney, female complaints and all chronic diseases. SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT. If you cannot call write for symptom blank and circular, inclosing 4 cents in stamps.

THE C. GEE WO MEDICINE CO. 102 1/2 First St. Corner Morrison, PORTLAND, OREGON. Please mention the Astorian

Morning Astorian, 65 cents per month delivered by carrier.